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**DONJON,**  
PROSPECT AND REFLECTION.

PR 4099  
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1834

HENRY WARD, PRINTER, CANTERBURY.

# D O N J O N,

## PROSPECT AND REFLECTION ;

A MORAL, SENTIMENTAL, AND COMPLIMENTARY

P O E M.



---

BY CHARLES FREDERICK BENNETT

---

id quod  
Æquet Pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æque ;  
Æque neglectum, pueris senibusque nocebit.  
Hor.

Precepts for the rich, the poor, the old, the young,  
That, if despis'd, their welfare's knell have rung.  
The Author.

---

Canterbury:

HENRY WARD, SUN STREET ;  
WHITTAKER AND CO., AVE MARIA LANE, LONDON.

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MDCCCXXXIV.



E.A.W. Mar. 28, 18.

TO THE

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL RICHARD FREND,

**Mayor of Canterbury.**

---

SIR,

Could I forget that paternal interest and solicitude, with which you have in more than one instance been pleased to honour an humble individual; yet the testimony of your own conscience to a habit of uniform and impartial politeness would alone place him above the suspicion, at least with yourself, of any disgusting adulation on the present occasion. For where could the humble and grateful muse, with more propriety, lay her complimentary tribute, than at the feet of one, who so benevolently and courteously blends the affection of a Citizen with the labours of the chief municipal Magistrate.

Canterbury, 1834.





## P R E F A C E.

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7  
GENEROUS READER,

You have before you my long announced Poem. It has at last, after your kind and protracted patience, seen the light. And now, if the mountain, labouring so long, produce but a ridiculous mouse, I certainly owe you a double apology. But what am I to say ? or rather, what would you say to that unfeeling parent, who should evince towards his bantling, however oblique of sight, rickety, deformed and “less than a mother’s hope,” none of that partiality, that receives its warrant from the universal and immutable laws of Nature ? Then again, here is but one mouse. How much worse might two vols.—I mean twins—have been ? Let its insignificance rather appeal to your pity than to your indignation. O let it enjoy the crumbs, that fall from your table, and guard it, if you can, I supplicate, from the terrifically whiskered ferocity, obscurity piercing sight, and cruel sport of the merciless grimal-kin, in any critical moments of its danger.

But to speak more gravely, and perhaps becomingly on the subject. Responsible above every other, to one great and infallible critic for each thought, word, and

deed, I must chiefly rely for the estimation of my little book on its good or evil tendency. What ! though it present not the coruscations, wit, or humour of a Boccace's Decameron, or a Byron's Don Juan, yet may the wish to promote the cause of social happiness be weighed in the scales of cœlestial justice. I need not "be content to submit my claims to posterity" for this world's immortal honours. Whatever I have said, that may be just, a court above may immortalize. And if in any passage I may have unwittingly expressed what had better have been withheld, still let me hope that "Heaven's Chancery" may in its equity temper the severity of justice and admit some redeeming sentiment of the work ; while some "recording," but not imaginary, "angel let fall a tear, and for ever blot out," with such delinquencies, every other transgression of its terrestrial author.

I beg leave also respectfully to add, that sometimes I have been apprehensive of undesigned plagiarism, whilst merely purposing to borrow the spirit and style of the established classic. Should this unhappily be discovered to be the case, I must necessarily draw once more upon the generosity of my Friends, and refer them to Sheridan's Preface to his Comedy of the Rivals.

I have the honour to be,

With every grateful regard,

The Author.

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# D O N J O N,

## PROSPECT AND REFLECTION.

---

Simmonds, thrice blessed shade ! assist my verse ;  
Impart thy social Genius, to rehearse  
In accents grateful all, that may best beseem  
The important tenour of the Moral Theme.  
Let thy Philanthropy shed forth a ray  
May lend thought ardour, yet direct its way,  
Not idly turn'd tow'rd what thy City boasts  
In her own Donjon. Ye from distant coasts,  
Visitors to this sweet spot, with me proclaim,  
The generous gift exalts our civic fame.  
Tell where the fragrant grove, and sward so gay,  
The rose, the myrtle, animate the day ;  
The breezy mount, the ever verdant slope,  
Lend youth fresh vigour and disease a hope ;  
Where age can smile, tho' panting o'er its staff ;

And there that loud and unaffected laugh,  
Those ruby lips of yonder circling band  
Peal forth, as now each infant hand  
Entwines its partner's in the jocund dance.  
Sylph-like the nimble, thoughtless hours advance,  
As they, with crisped locks and buxom eye,  
Ne'er yet have learnt to heave the deep drawn sigh.  
And long ! long may this joy, this innocence  
Be theirs ! long may this Paradise of sense  
Remain ! long e'er ye taste the bitter care  
That ripens man ! No ! nor do then, Despair,  
Upon such blooming cheeks thy canker feed !  
May Hope raise altars, if the heart must bleed.

Lo, yon our stripling peasantry convene  
For hale gymnastics of the sylvan scene.  
Already see, impatient of delay  
To pass the spaces, where they skim their way,  
Swifter than light : so emulously fleet,  
No lynx could trace their steppings or their feet.  
Bold sons of Kent, indulge th' Olympic fire,  
Thus win the olive, proud ambition's tire,  
By honourable toil ! such the heart, the nerve,  
Your country's harvests, or its wars must serve.

Altho' too many, thankless for their birth,  
Neglect a heritage, and under-rate their worth ;  
Claim not a property kind fortune gave,  
Call themselves poor, and others' riches crave,  
To thee, Donjon, how varied the resort  
Of Sex, of Age, Complexion, and of Thought !  
Thy sun or shade the convalescent cheers,  
And, blessing, dissipates his awful fears.  
The wintry mire, dust, dog's star's raging heat,  
Are each evaded in thy safe retreat.  
The desk and office send its sons to thee :  
They taste thy balmy zephyr ; and breathe free  
From that oppressive bile, that vapouring phlegm,  
The generous current of the heart so stem,  
And mar the tone of life. Hygeia waves  
Her magic wand, and Melancholy's slaves  
Have burst the double fetters that oppress'd  
Both mind and limb. By Health and Freedom bless'd  
The senses wake, reason regains her throne,  
And man's the monarch of the world. Alone  
The moping wretch steals to the forest's gloom :  
There ever and anon to brood upon a doom  
Of care, that most himself creates ; for whom  
Kind Nature, and her choicest haunts, in vain



Spread their enlivening ties. Dost thou complain,  
Creation's favoured Lord? Wilt abdicate thy sway  
O'er intellect, to shun the shine of day?

Hast no kind mistress, no true friend, no kin,  
Not one soft charity, can melt within

Thy breast this misanthropic thrall? Oh haste!

Donjon invites thee. Thither speed to taste  
Her prospects and her cheer; nor sullen fly  
To listless shades; there with the gloom to vie,  
Nay there perchance the coward suicide to die.

'Neath vaunted solitude an error lurks.

To commune with himself and Nature's works,  
At fittest interval, brings certain wealth;—

No wild romance;—'tis Philosophic health.

But tho' of earthborn creatures his the van,  
So greater and so varied are the wants of man,  
Alone to live's a vain, impracticable plan.

Does tyrant memory, can a morbid mind,  
Some recent wrong, that most men some day find,  
Some malignant neighbour, some ungrateful foe,  
Provoke to anger or excite thy woe?

And what though penury be thine? Be sure  
Its mortifying ills will not endure

For aye: the sins of wealth thou'rt sure to shun;

And being virtuous, half thy Heav'n's begun.  
What tho' thy caitiff foe's within this field ?  
Has God no justice, innocence no shield ?  
Be temperate thou, tho' Malice still encrease,  
Tho' Slander join and Prejudice ne'er cease,  
Nor for some present vengeance risk thy future peace.  
Some base aspirant for the public bays,  
To Mammon, Rabble, or to Devil who prays  
May aid his coffers, or his malice guide,  
Or find some office for his low-born pride ?  
Has such mendacious miscreant laid his plot  
To starve ; and oust thee from thy humble cot ?  
His grovelling cunning may achieve its view,  
The loftiest pleasure, that his soul ere knew.  
Such pleasure who can envy ? To thyself be true.  
Nay, hast, like me, dejected to complain  
Of child th' irreparable loss, and pain  
Ineffable ? What pangs might pierce a heart,  
That Nature stamp'd in iron mould ; a smart  
And very agony, let memory wake,  
And all the doating father to his heart core shake ?  
Donjon and time shall minister relief ;  
Shall bind thy wounds ; shall mitigate thy grief.  
Tho' all Pandora's plagues assail thy soul,

Donjon and hope shall finally control  
A torrent of distress.

Nor think the gross *clay's* Nurse alone to find  
In our Donjon : for nobler benefits design'd,  
Her Prospect furnishes Reflection for the *mind*.

Search here if bud, or balm, or flow'ret bloom,  
Can chase thy stubborn apathy and gloom.  
And list !—The bee !—Yon beauteous grove of lime !  
To sense as redolent as Hybla's thyme,  
Or spice of Araby, rejoic'd he greets,  
And stores in Tempe's vale Hymettus' sweets.  
Thee sapient, insect, too—how loves yon tow'r ?  
To yield its blossom'd boon in summer's hour !  
So dulcet thence thy buz with Echo floats,  
'Tis sure thy honey doth enrich her notes.  
And see Favonius, fain of late to rest  
His wing, by mid-day's torrid beam oppress'd,  
Awakes. From off his violet dewy bed  
Freighted he sails with nectar'd balm to shed  
Upon these the tinkling leaves, that dance to greet  
Their fluttering visitor. Jocund as sweet  
Now mounts and rides the Poplars' giddy height,  
That graceful bows , and rocks its airy sprite.

Anon, with sailing fly or cygnet gay,  
Adown thy stream he wafts his gentle way,  
Blest Stour.—Thou stream ! whose property I hold  
My own ; nor would exchange for gem or gold  
Those joys thou giv'st my soul, as oft thy banks  
I pensive roam,—a debtor for new thanks.  
For, gazing on thy sportive finny kind,  
With thee I recreate my surcharg'd mind ;  
Or, when the lambkin's weary of his play,  
With him upon thy margin herb I lay ;  
And in thy smooth reflective mirror trace  
Corroding care, half vanished from my face ;  
Now list the village peal, spreading the tale  
Of shepherd loves made blest within the dale ;  
Now pleas'd to note the rain-arc's lengthening glow,  
That rounds its full orb in thy depths below ;  
Or trace the varied beauties of thy course,  
Thy purling wavelets, or thy murmur hoarse ;  
To catch thy silvery patches thro' the glade,  
Then lose again aside thy alder shade,  
The sombre wood nigh pass'd, with charm'd surprise  
I startle at thy brilliant peeping eyes,—  
So pierce and sparkle on my dazzled brain—  
A strange delirium, it could wish again !—

Or ken the pluvius swallow briskly skim  
His traceless mazes o'er thy lowering brim.  
Did better thoughts unguarded fall asleep;  
Did vile conceits insinuating creep  
Upon an absent mind, sunk in abstracted gaze  
And wanton revery, how might some blaze  
Of lightning, ere yet its thunder roll,  
Search out the deep recesses of the soul?  
But studious innocence, without dismay,  
May watch th' electric spirit o'er the waters play;  
Tho' the red bolt dash hissing thwart the wave,  
The good man's faith and hope shall make him  
humbly brave.

But in each aspect of thy weal and woe,—  
Be't Summer lake, or Winter's overflow  
With bosom swol'n, I not forsake thy shore,  
Nay think in thy distress I love thee more.

Yon nursemaid mark. In love how fondly cope  
This trusty guardian and her blooming hope.  
His playful eyes two Summers' suns not yet  
Reflect in sparklings of their brilliant jet;  
Nor at Diana's fount have her's it seems,  
Drank the chaste lustre of their azure beams



A double century of moons. So young,  
So tender and so lovely both. His tongue  
Lips innocence, and her's naught rude betrays.  
She fondly chides that he so roguish plays,  
His roseate arms so wanton round the snow  
Of that grac'd neck,—whose happy shape I trow  
Sweet taste had moulded in her happiest mood,  
And Greece been rapt in wonder to have view'd.  
No costume durance check'd fair Nature's gait :  
'Twas Freedom's handmaid lov'd on Ease to wait.  
Nor conscious beauty, nor fastidious glance  
Shrink from communion ; nor forbid advance  
Of visual interchange with passer less endow'd,  
Less cloak'd in cunning, or less earthly proud.  
A smile habitual knows no reserve,  
Save what the simple heart might nerve,  
Did vice provoke its frown. But when her boy  
Dally with artless prank, she'll share the toy ;  
And then each heighten'd smile shall rapture into joy.  
A love more pure what feelings e'er express'd ?  
'Twas half the parent in her virgin breast.  
The audacious urchin now half-pouts must make,  
Now laugh outrageous, tho' his heart shall ache ;  
Studios of sportive trick, would grasp her chin ;

When both a rival mimicry begin.  
His tiny fingers she affects to bite ;  
He counterfeits to whine ; again quite  
Laughs,—quick hides his face,—thinks sly to peep,  
'Till fain awake his twinkling eyes would keep,  
But nestled on her breast, its darling drops to sleep.

Ye, who've the thyrses of lewd Bacchus borne ;  
Ye fiends, who joy to smile when foes may mourn ;  
Ye heartless monsters, who ne'er knew to share  
In generous sympathy another's care ;  
Ye, who ne'er knew the blessed task to bless,  
But cloth'd in avarice feed on the distress,  
Thy neighbour's flock endures ;—say which of you  
Could meditate the deed, nor fear to rue  
The remediless wrong to such a maid  
As this ?—Yet such there is,—no whit afraid  
To pour seductive poison in her ear,  
Mislead her judgment, and to cause the tear  
Will flow in vain. Subtle, of handsome mien,  
As that fell serpent, once so fatal seen  
In Eden lost. Oh, ruffian hand ! forbear  
This early rose-bud from its kin to tear ;

The parent stem of its prime sweet despoil;  
Nor snatch it drooping from its native soil,  
Rent and deform'd. In time bethink thee, youth,  
Yeoman or noble, each stands pledg'd to truth:  
Without it, 'tis th' imposter steals a place,  
Nor birth, nor titles, but the virtues grace.  
'Tis these must blazon thy heraldic crest;  
The generous heart and not its broider'd vest.  
'Tis not the conquest of her peace and fame,  
His mistress' ruin, that's the hero's aim.  
Be sterling gallantry thy sole delight,  
Less to oppress, than the oppress'd to right.

What voices these?— This hour you may discern,  
In glowing speech, exchanging what they learn  
Of the state's change, each Briton and Compeer,  
Tho' health and freedom breathe their native air,  
Not hostile foeman now urge Donjon's care  
To fortify her sons. The charter'd right,  
The people's suffrage, and the balanc'd might;  
News from a distant clime; volcanoes and convulsion;  
The chains of potentates, or kings' expulsion;  
Some alter'd politics of foreign lands,  
Who pow'r usurps, what patriot withstands;

What child of Afric last beneath the lash  
Of bloody fiends received the deadly gash ;  
All that the honour, all the safety heeds  
Of this our isle, each speculatist pleads  
With earnestness intense. But, ah ! beware,  
Lest head or heart assume too great a share  
On this momentous theme. Be sure that helm  
Asks art, would steer the vessel of a realm,—  
Unlike to Phaeton, the rash and vain,—  
'Twixt Scyllas and Charybdis of the main.  
Opinions differ. First, distrust thy own,  
Thy brother's last : if his be overgrown  
In weak conceit, in temperance think alone.  
Where too stern virtue may demand thy voice,  
Consult calm reason, not thy neighbour's choice.  
Rather with awe, than with presumption vain,  
Let diffidence impose at times its chain.  
Logic or Euclid, tho' my warrant be,  
That 'midst obscurity *I* clearly see ;  
Whilst *blinkard idiots* that *I err* will dream,  
Should I not generous act and generous seem ?  
O visionary theorists of zeal  
Licentious, be sure ye know and feel  
The properties of rule, ere tamper with the weal,—

The home, to which the wary patriot, and fond,  
Pledges a prudence, fealty, and bond ;—  
That home thyself, thy kin, thy friends partake ;  
Oh ! pause ere stir to rage the tranquil lake.  
Probe deep the heart.—Deliberate.—Discern.  
Does prejudice there lurk, some selfish turn ?  
Nay e'en for bleeding Poland with discretion burn.  
Not but such wrongs, as long have curst a state,  
Must find a passage to thy heart and hate.  
Not but did Poland claim thy native love,—  
As bleeds the mate's heart for her wounded dove ;  
Should thine ! so fond !—but not so timid  
Flow that blood, a brave soil had lent ; nor slow

To search with tiger mien, with warmth unchill'd  
By threat Siberian, how best t'avenge the kill'd,  
The gallant killed, in fight unequal !—Oh !  
Not to sympathy's weak, unaiding woe  
Should plead in vain. Of thy suckling think,  
Torn from its mother's breast and butcher'd. Shrink  
Not to ponder with devoted heart,—  
Tho' chain'd or exil'd, thy compatriot part,—  
What loyalty thou owest that monster's hand ;  
Can treacherous desolate the tortur'd land



It should protect. Here let thine eyeballs flame  
On Europe's chart. See! plundered of thy name,  
O murd'rous blot! by Kosciusko's grave  
Inspir'd and sworn, some angel wrath should'st crave  
To blast thy tyrant's course, and free a patriot slave.  
Whate'er thy Deity, invoke its grace,  
Propitiously to guard the much lov'd place  
To which thou owest thy birth. O'er home or arms  
'Tis that presides, the tempest wakes or calms.  
What time Bellona mounts her furious car,  
And her loud thunders rend the sphere afar;  
Trust not thy pride to buckler or to spear,  
But pray such deity be ever near.  
Tho' helm of adamant, and proof cuirass  
From Ætna's furnace, forged of triple brass;  
Tho' the vain Persian's with great Pharoah's host,  
Array'd in battle, be all thine to boast;  
Who is't the myriad legions shall protect,  
Should not auspicious Providence direct,  
And give to numbers might. May gentle peace  
Long shed her fostering dews if *ere* surcease  
Her bounteous reign! Or war of words alone,  
A folk industrious and paternal throne,  
Their good promote! Nor yet, to sap the base



Of both, may Luxury their worth efface!  
Luxury!—tho' child of peace, more fell than wars;  
Who camp and senate from their duty draws  
Engulph'd and lost; e'en civil broils less dread;  
The veriest traitor ere dishonour bred  
Midst her degenerate slaves! What tho' war,  
May blast thy harvests with despotic law;  
Sever the loves, where pity might behave;  
Nay sometimes violate the sacred grove;  
Nor its blast-clarion spare the suckling child,  
A destin'd orphan; reckless tho' and wild  
Its mad career, it heeds the laurel'd grave,  
And pays a tribute to the great and brave.  
When ask'd "whose widow, or whose orphan thou?"  
The furrows smoothen o'er the grief-worn brow,  
And tears to ecstasy exulting turn  
To *name* the patriot and shew the honour'd urn.  
But luxury resists no siege—soon flies  
The field, and self-contemn'd the coward dies.  
But hence, thou painful theme! with thee I part  
For one more welcome to my pensive heart!

Ye Belles of Durovernum, albeit fair,  
Nature's chief master-piece and choicest care;

Whose tender blandishments your spell impart,  
Still fascinate the eye, still win the heart ;  
Who give Donjon delight beyond its own,  
And call back fervours, tho' my youth be flown ;  
Say, why ?—ah ! why not more frequent our grove ?  
To what retreat more pleasant can ye rove ?  
Why so long absent from our kindly shade ?  
Tell me each languid and inactive maid .  
Ill season'd hours, devote to play or dance,  
Have they unnerv'd till atrophy advance ?  
In vain has Heav'n indulgent lent its boon,  
If beauty 'gin to wane before its noon.  
In vain, ye mothers, too may sons desire,  
Whose eyes shall heir a father's manly fire ;  
In vain hope daughters unimpair'd of strength,  
With comely form, like mountain nymph to move,  
And beauty's relic, when a grand-dam prove.  
O come, and clad in costume's neat attire—  
Be undisguis'd and all good taste desire ;  
Th' excrescent coif should fashion ask t'impose,  
Lop its deforming branches, and display the rose.  
Sweet rose of woman, flourish long and bloom,  
Whilst no untimely blast accelerate thy doom !  
Neglect of health is not improving time,

Of that possessed, economize your prime,  
And emulate the dames of old ; and see  
This monument of art and industry.  
Its gnomon proves to all how creeps the hour,  
How buds, how blossoms, and how fades the flow'r  
Of life. May each industrious child of earth,  
Like the young sculptor here, give birth  
To some such beauteous ornament for use !  
And may no hypercritic e'er let loose  
His misjudg'd cavil at ambitious youth,  
But pay the honor due to mimic truth ;  
Or like my lays, though blemishes appear,  
Let good intention deprecate the sneer.  
Woe to the muffled wretch, by darkling night,  
Assails in wantonness or dastard spite  
This valued structure, rear'd at gen'rous cost  
To foster genius ;—much too often cross'd,  
Neglected by the world, and sunk in torpor lost !  
Close by this very site, men blushing say,  
A friend once rais'd a dial to the day ;  
But midnight mischief stole, to sweep the gift away,  
And wounded see those trees bereav'd of bark,  
By felon spirit, that adores the dark.  
How must omniscience kindle at the deed,

To witness passions, can so grossly feed !  
Revenge, thou tenant of the feeble mind,  
Say what the triumph, thou didst ever find ?  
Thy maw seems never satiate. Banquet  
On hecatombs, thy thirst hydropic yet  
Would quaff more blood ! let the stiletto drink  
The life you hate—how little did you think  
To aid escape from all thy further harm !  
The soul has wing'd its flight above alarm  
For mundane foe, and left thee—what ? a pale  
Memento of *thy* grave, a something to bewail.  
Abed, or in thy path—abroad—at home—  
To Andes top, or desert wilds dost roam—  
On scaffold, or in exile,—all the same !  
Public and self contempt shall brand with shame,  
While conscience never cease to feed its quenchless  
flame.

And, ah ! Donjon, how blindfold is the state  
Of human hearts, oft prize or wail their fate  
In thy retired haunts ! scarce has one fool gone,  
That self-tormenter, with his face forlorn,—

Than straight I ken this inexperienced wench  
Steal, as she thinks, unseen to yonder bench ;  
Quick from her breast the warm epistle draws,  
Quaffs its false flattering oaths, and smiles applause ;  
The poisonous promise to the dregs she drinks,  
And what she *wishes* true, enraptured *thinks* ;  
Forgetful, blesses loud his perjured name,  
Kisses the signature, and ruin'd seals her shame.

But, list ! What sounds, melodious and refin'd,  
Doth Echo prate of, though in voice confin'd ?  
Tones which the busy mimic loves t'exhale,  
When sovereign music triumphs thro' the dale.  
And where not triumph ? Thron'd on the beams of day,  
Thou wield'st thy wide, indisputable sway ;  
Allied to stars in hymns of praise by night,  
Thy holy concord makes the heav'n's delight.  
Now, Donjon ! now, if e'er attraction thine,  
Who will deny thou breath'st a breath divine ;  
An essence of impassion'd life, a soul sublime ?  
Immortal music ! thou sainted presence, hail !  
Ethereal boon, for pity lent our wail  
And woe, and evanescent joys ! power grand,  
That work'st thy miracles, beyond wizard hand,



Upon the heart ? that lik'st the sylvan reeds  
Among in simpleness to stray ; yet deeds  
Magnanimous for patriot canst inspire,  
When, rous'd his breast with preternatural fire,  
Bursts the full glory of the lofty lyre.  
In sapphic tenderness canst wake the shell  
Of love, that lingering, melting, will yet dwell  
On th' exclusive theme ; will sigh—will weep—  
Will blush ; and shiver and burn anon in sleep :  
Will start, awake, and think—think to heart break,  
In sickening disappointment ! Canst shake  
Old ocean's bed, e'en to its depths profound,  
Do thy dread thunders wrathfully resound ;  
Do peal to peal responsive roar,  
From the rock'd welkin to the trembling shore ;  
And every mountain pine, affrighted nod,  
Submiss, holding thy voice some warning of a God !  
Or nature's music, or its counterfeit,  
The wit canst cozen, and the senses cheat,  
With sceptre absolute, alarming, painful, sweet !  
Oh, past expression, sweet the plaintive lute,  
And virgin lip, whiles eve and all else mute,  
Save pitying murmurs from the streamlet's flow !  
These modulate the harmony of lovers' woe,



Till anxious absence languish unto death  
In broken sighs, half-sobs, and hesitating breath.  
If aught more exquisitely sweet than these,  
List Acis' fount, a mistress' grief t'appease,  
Bubble its tearful dirge, and every mourner please,  
Till drown'd in Polypheme's deep monstrous roar,  
Ætna seems dumb,—its horrors heard no more.

'Tis music flies on the tornado's wing,  
Tho' hurley burley ruin hoarsely sing,  
Amidst the elemental jar and deafening ring.  
There's music in the dove's affection'd coo,  
When first she broods to love and nature true.  
There's music in the tiger's cruel howl,  
When hunger prompts an unsuccessful prow.  
When Paphos' queen her sparrows shall unyoke,  
How sweet the silence of yon sky is broke  
By vivid music from the parent wing;  
That finds ere long the nestling food to bring!  
There's music in the eagle's scaring scream,  
When starting from the heart appalling dream,  
She finds—too true!—her nestling sick to death.  
Now plies her downy breast to warm back breath;

Now round the nest she circling flaps the air,  
On rueful pinion driven, and maddening to despair.

The cleft rock's trickling, or the purling rill,  
The cataract precipitate, have each a skill  
To fling the witchcraft mantle o'er  
Admiring sense, and tempt us to adore  
Its captivating note. Both rippling lake  
And stormy sea a euphony partake,  
Till bards inspir'd to ecstasy rejoice,  
Musing their lessons at great Nature's voice.  
There tender Genius may subdue the note,  
Ere it escape the chord, shall float  
In dulcet undulation on the zephyr's wing,  
With Fancy sail, with fairy Whisper sing :  
Or, with a bold enthusiastic fire,  
Ambition stimulate ; such worth inspire  
As well may homage claim—e'en of its parent lyre.

Without this quickner of our inert mind,  
Its visual organ were but blear and blind ;  
The stagnate faculties must fail per aye ;  
Each pulse, and life of life soon ebb, not play ;  
And all its genial sun, would cease to glad the day.

Hence science much has studied to impart  
Its imitative impulse to the heart ;  
Christian and Jew, folk sacred and profane,  
Nations most differing would cultivate the strain ;  
Jubal and Rhodopeian Orpheus  
Did modulate its noble, its entrancing use ;  
Albion's poetic prince, and Avon's child,  
Oft wont to listen to its notes, have smil'd  
And spoke its praise. By heav'n's harmonious sprites  
Inspir'd, thy sister poesy reveres thy rites ;  
Owns all thy miracles, thy force and aid,  
Sacred or moral, the blest world pervade ;  
What tones the circle of our feelings range,  
Our Passions propagate, correct and change,  
Poesy still chants. Thy richest energy  
Devotion borrow'd first on humble knee  
From Penitence,—when Israel's tortur'd heart  
Found the remorse, and pang, and horrid smart  
Due to adult'rous murder. Contrition's fears  
Then smote his troubled harp ; melted to tears ;  
The woeful psalm ascends, and heav'n in mercy hears,  
In fix'd attention hung, awhile thy choir,  
Donjon, is mute ; for now the trumpet's bray  
Awakes the embers of our sluggish clay ;

While memory dwells on bye-gone deeds of fame,  
Till cowards kindle at the soldier's name.  
'Twas thus Tyrtæus, with his warrior song,  
Could stay the valour of that Spartan throng,  
Whose fainting spirits would Ithome yield ;  
But drove at length Messenia from the field,  
Rouz'd by the Athenian's lyre. Our gallant band  
Thread every mazy sound, each grace expand ;  
Unlock the stores of harmony and tone,  
Storm our rapt breasts, and bend them to their throne.  
And brother soldiers, seek our tranquil shade ;  
Let this your music every sense invade ;  
Your bosoms to each march responsive beat,  
Yet long e'er need to brave the battle's heat !  
Here still, ye sons of Waterloo, repose—  
Here bind your shamrock, thistle, and your rose !  
And most—no torch of civil discord flame !  
My pray'r: — nor kindred only bear the *name*,  
Oppos'd in enmity of nature ! Those days  
Be distant far, when scant compunction stays,  
To shield or age or sex, household or flock  
From fire or carnage 'mid the desolating shock !  
May no new martyr meet in yonder field  
The stake to aid his pangs ; no furies wield

A scourge for piety! Why peace, good will,  
And neighbour love, dream ye to hate and kill?  
If fire must serve, erect an altar wide;  
Let the bright element unmix with pride  
Of blood stain'd Christian. An offering sanctify,  
That most shall please in mercy's gracious eye;  
The pure flame mount, and ask—acceptance ere it die.  
Of victim blood let ne'er the temple scent,  
But gums to type forth od'rous love be spent;  
For lamb, nor dove, such welcome interpose  
As sacrifice of hate;—that thornless rose  
Of Paradise transplant; of peerless hue;  
For ever fragrant, and of beauty true!  
Nature itself must prove its author kind,  
That charity forgot, all faith is blind.  
Mahometan, Jew, Christian or the sect,  
A good man most must prejudice reject;  
To his own faith pledg'd, tho' zealously sincere,  
Not less he holds each fellow-creature dear;  
By one hand fashion'd, destin'd all to death,  
Fraternal sympathy should breathe its kindred breath.

But does the foreign foe invade our shore,  
And gentle peace its comforts shed no more,—



Oh ! then—let music's transport urge the heart,  
And every patriot attribute impart !  
His native pipe, to Scotia's highland dear,  
'Midst mountains vibrate, and be ever near,  
To stir its chieftain thro' the daring strife ;  
The olden honours count, and point his rule of life !

Now view our fields. Here Ceres' golden smile  
Awaits the sickleman, where late awhile  
Th' elastic breeze sail'd o'er the waving corn  
Of emerald sheen. Those ears, the barbs adorn,  
Our barons prized of yore—for strength and beverage  
horn.

Ne'er may the wanton clown, with foot profane,  
Trample nor waste that charitable grain,  
In pity lent to stay man's ebbing life !  
What penalty for sacrilege so rife  
May not the wrath of justice doom ? Forbear,  
Thou ingrate, nor insult heav'n's bounteous care.

And there—see science conjure from the mine  
Its iron miracle ! Lo, there combine  
Dispatch and safety ! Britannia's boast and hope,  
Her public enterprise !—Her industrious coast !



Oh, hear ye pow'rs thy suppliant's public pray'r.  
Vouchsafe the arts, the sciences thy care !  
Let social aims, advance of intellect,  
Let patronage each meaner thought correct !  
Genius and commerce bend their fleetest sail,  
Their chart, their compass, and their port ne'er fail,  
But ride triumphant in your happiest gale !  
Guide with thy brightest, most auspicious star,  
Philosophy's advent'rous steps, when roaming far ;  
Let not presumptuous and oft erring reason  
O'erstep her bounds ; but do ye season  
With becoming diffidence each distant view,  
Nor let weak vision prove—each dim-seen thing  
untrue !

And what phenomenon is this, ye sage,  
So comes to cast its splendour on our age ?  
'Tis subtile gas bursts forth, no more confin'd,—  
As sudden genius sometimes on mankind.  
Can the cold, dark entrails of a mine  
Warm into vapour and thus brilliant shine ?  
Does heav'n besides his fuel, bless with light  
Ungrateful man ? glad his heart and cheer his night !

And now,—the rich autumnal honors past,  
Loiter I long to watch the wintry blast  
Snatch some lone leaf and withering from its spray,  
Where once it grac'd the blithsome, vernal day.—  
The grove's last leaf!—disconsolate and old;  
That, yet tenacious of its weaken'd hold,  
Would fain its doom,—a doubtless truth!—distrust;  
And quivers, as it falls,—to join its kin in dust.  
But ah! how vain the studious, pleasing hour,  
I've contemplative hung on Donjon bower,  
Tracing each life vein of the lucid leaf,  
Whilst all oblivious of its days—how brief,  
And number'd as mine own.

But now! what hubbub clamours are all these?  
What Io Pæans rouse the mid-day's breeze?  
What frolic gestures and what antic crew?  
What have these school-loos'd sons of Momus now  
to do?

But ah!—that centre of the noisy ring,—  
That woeful wight! at whom they fling  
Ten thousand gibes, while he suffus'd with blush  
And fear, bends 'neath the torrent's terrifying rush.  
In pity's name how's this?—dear little pledge!

The first to happy parents, whom they alledge  
And fondly think—a wonder!—noviciates  
At school of Hector's and the classic fates;  
Must prove him scion of a noble race,  
And with his puny fist inflict disgrace  
On some Thersites, or some giant foe,  
That all the boys and all the gods may know  
He is no coward! 'Tis not to parse or write,  
For his first lesson is at twelve to fight.  
Yet such his winning innocence and years,  
Such too an artless look, that both endears,  
He conquers sympathy,—he triumphs with his tears.  
Thus have we seen the hailstorm overpower  
Some weakly germ of spring,—some promised flow'r,  
'Till day's mid-beam, with its reviving flood,  
Send down its kindly influence on the bud,  
Melt the ic'd element to spangled dew,  
And more than all its former charms renew.  
Heav'n grant thy future days a like escape  
From tyrant custom and rude power; so shape  
Thy path and port, that whatsoever the name  
Thou bear'st, it lose no lustre with fair fame;  
That where true honor call thee to the field,  
The gauntlet's welcom'd and thy glory seal'd;

Yet men record, thro' all life's warring course,  
Thy virtues conquer more than brutal force.

Thanks to thee, chanticleer, I wake and rise :  
But where's philosophy to trace these skies ?  
Oh, whom can ever noxious vapours please  
Of midnight dank ? who not prefer the breeze,  
That heralds forth inspiring morn. Before  
Her blushing banner, precipitate and sore  
Fly groups of hideous and terrific care,  
The plagues of folly, and the crimes, which dare  
The shade, but shudder at the light. Dismay  
And horror, whisp'ring, grope their darkling way,  
Half pause, and feel, they think,—th' arrest of rapid  
day.

Sluggards, arouse ! this enervation shun,  
'Tis twilight tells what hour's last sand has run ;  
The graduate progress of reflected light,  
And blueely waning star,—last vestige of the night.  
Mark where the varying tints the heav'ns adorn,  
Softening the shaded hues of dappled morn.  
Some oraison should hail this moving scene,  
And feel the glow, imbues the vault serene.  
What gaseous blaze can night's dull lamp display,

To vie in splendour with the dew-drops' ray ?  
What gorgeous pageantry of costly pride  
Can tithe its grandeur, or a praise divide  
With this sublimity ?—see, see it mount !—  
Day's majesty ! the potent, gen'rous fount  
Of mundane life ! Wide darts the beamy boon,  
Wide comfort genial spreads,—and kindles glorious  
noon.

Thus unconfined Britannia's pow'r, I ween,  
In social charity shall far be seen ;  
With light celestial glad th' untutored soul,  
And its dull, chilling apathy control ;  
Reveal a day-spring, where deep gloom it find,  
And wake to energy the torpid mind ;  
His heart, his intellect an influence give,  
May teach the savage happily to live !  
And oh, may thou, yet greater light of lights,  
Irradiate that mind, dare violate the rights  
Of nature ; dare trample on the tenderest ties,  
Endear existence,—heedless what shriek or cries  
May call aloud to an offended God,  
And piteous beg his retributive rod  
For Guinea's injur'd coast !



But neighbours, haste ;  
The prime of life enjoy, not idly waste !  
Our Donjon's choir invite—the sumptuous banquet  
taste.

Save where the hind his early labours ply,  
Or milkmaid troll her artless minstrelsy ;  
Save where the pack the chase's transport feel,  
And echo counterfeit the joyous peal ;  
Tho' strains of rapture from each wood resound,  
Insensate man's the only idler found.  
Restless he lies, intent to dream some joys  
Of sensual kin, vain power, or gilded toys  
Of human fascination. Morpheus for mirth  
Awhile deludes, but scarce gives fancy birth ;  
The wretch awakes to find his fabric drop to earth.

But hail, thou holyday reflex of sky  
Pour'd on our Stour ! Hail blest sublimity,  
From font of azure blue ! Bright summer hail !  
Adown each fecund streamlet joyous sail,  
Ye finny crew : glide on, and plunge, and dart  
Incalculably swift ; else slowly part  
Thy liquid plain, and curve with matchless grace ;  
Revel in pastime with thy sportive race,



while yet permit : Ye, from these scorching rays  
Secure—tho' feeling much their boon—oh, raise  
Some grateful look above, and hymn th' Almighty's  
praise !

Ye insect rangers, too, of these our banks,  
Wanton your span, display your gorgeous ranks,  
Or singly catch my gaze ! Thy lordling foe  
Breathes not in me. I bring no net, nor shew  
To raptur'd eyes my dazyling captive hoard,  
All class'd in learned pride. Freedom ador'd  
Be thine ! and nature unrestrained !—With me  
Such curious thirst, indulged, would ill agree :  
Nor shall't at thy expence,—be sure, humanity.  
Farewell, then summer ! Urge thy rapid tread,  
Oh sooner to return !

Thanks !—winter's fled.

Whilst glow-worm darks, whilst owlet, bat and fay  
For chambers slink, impervious to the day ;  
How cheer to taste the dawn in show'ry spring ;  
To con the love-notes Donjon's songsters sing ;  
And fragrance kiss off Zephyr's lip : once thine  
Its freshness, ere he woo'd, sweet Eglantine.

But these —What household movement's this?—

Whence bound?—

These caldrons, tea-pots, tripod stools and round ;  
Baskets, bellows, tinder-box, matches, fuel,  
Bottle, napkin, pipkin ; and child's cold gruel !  
Mayhap intended to be again made hot, when wakes  
The babe ; whom hammock'd in her cloak-hood, takes  
This poor mother of a numerous group,  
Full pleased to join th' exhilarated troop.  
She hopes to count up the sufficient rent,  
Picking yon balmy plant, kind fortune lent  
To aid a beverage, once our nation's boast  
At board of baron, nay, of sovereign host.  
And there three other tribes !—with donkey hir'd,  
Joint stock and atlas quadruped, ne'er tir'd  
Of's world of chattels, children, et cetera required.

Lo ! now they reach the garden of a gen'rous lord  
And wise. By his discrimination aw'd,  
The vulgar and abandon'd keep aloof :  
Th' industrious, decent poor enjoy alone the proof  
Of his benevolent employ. There you may see  
The housewife teach her bairns to cull with skill,  
Not run and vulgarize where'er they will,

To idly squander time in ceaseless play,  
But active work, tho' merry pass the day.  
In yonder basket sleeps her cradled child,  
Of beauties rifled from the flow'ret wild.  
Wert there, you'd own, what every passer says,  
Her slumbering charge transcends the muse's praise!  
Tho' Parian marble, tho' Praxiteles  
Present no godhead urchin here to please,  
Might tempt a Phryne's theft,—not all her gold,  
Quadrupled would suffice to buy, if sold,  
This pledge of plighted love. That placid smile,  
So plays upon a brow devoid of guile,  
Of hate, or grief, is lent it from above,—  
Impress of heav'n's own innocence and love!  
Thine eyes half closed, methinks their shine suffuse  
This mellow'd gleam, athwart the silvery dews  
Of gentle sleep, and thus illumine thy face.

Thus should some partial cloud eclipse the place,  
Where brightest Cynthia loves to shed her grace,  
Tho' Alpine snows suppress their dazzling hue,  
And vaulted concave wane its vivid blue,  
Mine eye must rove, with wonder and delight,

O'er such reposing loveliness of night.  
Thy slumbers, babe, still watchful heav'n forefend  
From starry influence malign ; nor send  
Its waters down ; the drenching mischief stop ;  
These golden tresses spare and coronal of hop !  
Yet why this pray'r ? Is not a mother near,  
With life blood and a breast might banish fear ?  
Close wrap'd as bud, that waits the fertile spring,  
Her kerchief, cloak and clasp, thy infant cling—  
Fond nature's amulet, to fell despair  
Impenetrable !—these a siege would bear  
Of storms, and angels ken thee—with a guardian care.

Night dews descend and look the tears of earth,  
That mother's tears !—as she laments the birth  
Of children, under covert of blind shade,  
Who dare the deeds, would hell itself degrade.  
Some of an age twelve summer's suns scarce count,  
Of either sex, alas ! drink deep perdition's fount.  
Hark ! What midnight beau is't coughs so weak,  
Blabbing a tale, his tongue would quake to speak ?  
Nay, tremble not, ye dotard limbs, with fright :  
I'll bring no torch to pierce these shades of night,

Lest its beams thy grandchild shew, what a feast  
Thy wanton palate sates on, like a beast,  
When girls may grace the board. Go, go to bed,  
Possetless. Time thy wild pulse, and cool that head  
With hellebore: —no avarice so diseas'd or dread!  
Was this thy vesper oraison? Dost think  
At such idolatry the stars will wink,  
Or to the tomb thy soul can, like thy body, shrink?  
If thou must act what nature ne'er design'd,  
Go, play the hermit; many a simple find;  
Diet thy rebel blood in mossy cave;  
Penance thy days, no more to sin the slave;  
Lift *up* thy thoughts; and court—a reputable grave.  
But soft! Why chills the tepid zephyr? Why,  
Born of his sweet breath, thus languishingly  
Droop in orphinage this fruit and flow'r?  
Their parent is no more. The murth'rous pow'r  
Of Boreas usurps the thicken'd sky,  
And all spring's promise, withering looks to die.  
This wind's drear whistle, its alternate howl,—  
Now too this harsh, this hideous hoot of owl,  
Sad omen'd,—ah! sure conspire t'o'erwhelm  
The gifts and joyfulness of nature's realm!  
My half-planted footstep back shrinks aghast



Unnerv'd ; and the panic heart-shock past,  
A faint and faltering pulse seems left to count  
its last.

Here eddying dusts, hurl'd high, deface and tear,  
And all is wildness, whirlwind and despair,  
As start the fluttering songsters to retreats,  
Far from the danger'd nest. Now clattering beats  
The hurtling hail ; its stones now sudden cease,  
As if exhaust of wrath,—portent of short liv'd peace !  
Man's stricken nerve distrusts the solemn pause ;  
And from its covert not a bird withdraws,  
Spell bound and mute. And hark ! that hoarse, low  
sound,

Rolling from the far *south* ! again ! the ground  
Sure quakes—or seems—and that horizon flash !  
Fleet and dread herald of the thunder's crash !  
Oh ! see on volume of the huge, potent storm,  
In murky grandeur, in magnific form  
Array'd, the minister of rueful ire  
Sublimely comes, and deals resistless fire !  
What voice tremendous every valley fills !  
How roars its compass round these trembling hills !  
Omnipotent the shock, and swept its æry prey  
Of shrieking eaglets from the face of day !

Jove's fabled servant yields his native height,—  
— His pow'r imperial!—yet half but quench'd, still  
    bright,  
His eye darts back on death—his own electric light!  
Nor thou Dodona, sav'st thy sacred oak !  
Launch'd is the bolt; and, at the single stroke,  
Trillions of splinters, all thy wreck'd remains,  
Scatter'd and prostrate lie. And much it pains  
Presumptuous man, his lot it should betide  
To read this humbling epitaph on earthly pride.  
“ By talon furiate, and by piercing eye,”  
“ With wing'd celerity was rul'd the sky.”  
“ How many a blast this *sturdy* oak withstood,”  
“ As spread his giant arm and sceptre o'er the wood ?”  
“ But did not providence such glories scan,”  
“ Where the fit lesson for the pride of man ?”  
The plant, the brute, and every miser mine,  
Must all their vaunted properties resign,  
When time shall speed no more : but thou blest spark  
Immortal, no lightnings and no time shall mark  
For comfortless extinction !—Yet this life's dear ;  
And who so bold, as not to quail with fear  
In such an hour as this ? the welkin's rent,  
And sulphurous globes of flame successive sent,

Seem hissing at my feet. Big sheets of water  
In deluge fall ; winds rage from every quarter,  
To mock and mingle with the deafening peal  
Of thunder.—That falt'ring tongue would fain  
reveal

All, his compunction makes th'affected atheist feel.

'Tis now the sons of revelry have met  
At various haunts, and ruin spreads her net,  
Unseen by midnight lamp. The gamester fumes,  
Frets;—now bites the lip,—and now assumes  
A ghastly smile. Now need his wits be clear :  
For he has stak'd his last!—a stake begetting fear!—  
And fear confuses all the frenzied brain  
Of husband and of father,—ties alas, how vain!  
The thoughts, which on his game ought keenly fix,  
With beggary, suicide and ruin mix.  
Full many a wretch too strolls the nightly round ;  
Here songs obscene ; there vengeful oaths resound !  
Then come,—let's fly this Lazaretto crew,  
Nor more the unavailing theme pursue.  
Lo ! Donjon's mount invites us to the skies—  
A heav'nly banquet, it to none denies !—  
Points to the beauteous harmony above,

And asks of man the tribute of his love ;  
Excites each latent quality of mind,  
The unseen mechanist of all to find. .  
We tread the heav'ns ; our low-born passions crush ;  
And all our feelings for their meanness blush.—  
— Ah, now ! how light's my heart ! care's left below,  
All that I view is peace : I see no foe,  
Feel no resentments, envy, hopeless grief :  
All the poor, wounded spirit meets relief.  
Here too my petty pride decays.—none see—  
No pride celestial dwells with general charity !  
No pigmy plumage torn from new fledged breast  
Floats half so light ; nor sat e'er halcyon nest  
Less pond'rous ; nor May could breeze impart  
Less ruff'd,—than this now buoyant, placid heart.

Oh, by thy side, blest contemplative maid,  
Be every thought as thine, bright, pure and staid,  
Urania !—Let's sing some classic story,  
May lift the mortal to ætherial glory.  
And, thou Alcides, each marv'llous labour done,—  
How just the recompense thy wisdom won,  
Illustrious constellation ! on earth  
How oft to fortune, favour, or to birth  
We owe our proud distinctions ; but thee,

The high Thunderer's vaunted progeny,  
Invests no birthright from a sire divine,  
For all the toilsome acquisition's thine,—  
*Thine* the dauntless, albeit an infant, clasp,  
Could squeeze the reptiles in thy deadly grasp,  
The jealous Juno to thy cradle sent :  
Whence twin-born Iphiclus, loud shrieking, rent  
The house with agonizing fear ; but thou  
Couldst dash them on th'ensanguin'd floor with brow  
Smiling contempt upon the forked tongue,  
That out of poisonous jaws then helpless hung,  
Lolling in its own gore ! to heav'n submit,  
Thine was the choice of virtue, guide to bliss  
Eterne. And many a god was pleased to lend  
Some armory, might fortitude befriend  
Like thine. Not that Minerva's coat of arms design'd  
To ward her sex's beauty from thy mind ;  
Nor Vulcan's brazen club and gold cuirass,  
No, nor Jove's thunderbolts could hope surpass  
The shafts of Love, triumphant from his birth  
O'er all,— co-born with chaos and with earth.  
And tho' the current coin may thousands cheat,  
True love's no less divine, for human counterfeit.  
Pure love is loyal to his honour'd post,



Spurning the contraband from foreign coast.  
Do time or fortune ere his temple harm ?  
The ling'ring ruin sheds a double charm.  
The just, and modest fair's the lover's crown,  
Elysium her smile, discomfiture her frown.  
Does honour consecrate the wedded home ?  
Then beauty shall command the thoughts might roam ;  
That gifted charm attract within its sphere  
Domestic sanctity, surpassing dear,  
And fitting to the soul. The powers above,—  
Nay e'en the bad below, admire this pious love.  
But there's a guilty and a modest blush !  
Urge the young culprit what the burning flush  
Betrays, she'll own, and too well knows. Now ask  
The buoyant, bounding nymph, unused to mask,  
Why there are moments, that suffuse the cheek  
With new-blown roseate dye ? They oft not speak  
The motive to a guileless heart, she fain  
Would know herself, but asks that heart in vain.  
Thus if wing'd Iris, on some autumn eve,  
Her bow with variegated colour weave,  
As Sol 'mid partial clouds and mist descend,—  
In mingled hues the distance oft will lend  
That light-ting'd crimson to some cloud afloat,

Where silent beauty blush—what lovely nature wrote.

But hold !—methinks Nemœa's woods resound  
With his cave's last bellowing, where fast bound  
In iron grasp the lion chokes. His roar  
Subdued sinks like retiring thunders o'er  
The main ; and with a last hoarse murmuring tone,  
Mingles the gasping interval and dying groan.  
—— All's mute !—the glorious struggle's done. At  
length

Thy nerve prevails. He triel,—he found and felt thy  
strength,

Supine, convuls'd ! His eyeballs flaming rage,  
On's conqu'ror fix'd, quickens death's ghastly gaze,  
And Lerna's frightful monster thou canst dare,  
Whom, halfbut seen, the bolden'd heart might scare ;  
Him dare with brazen, massy club assail  
In conflict close, since arrows nought avail  
To pierce his trebly dense, impenetrable mail.  
High mount his hundred crests on bulky spires,  
Black poisons issue with his hissing fires ;  
His numerous blood-stain'd eyes their threatnings  
shoot,

Proscribe and mark as sure the victim of the brute.

On high thou wield'st thy brass of cumb'rous weight;  
Down falls the pond'rous crush on th' hostile pate.  
The smash'd brain vivifies in reeking gore,  
And multiplies these heads a hundred more.  
“ Ho ! Iolas ! Assist with ready hand : ”  
Our hero cries. “ Hie to yon furnace ; an iron brand  
Snatch thence, and place it to the bleeding head,  
When next I bruise this hot-blood hydra dead.”  
Thus strength alone not alway will suffice:  
Inviting art, the formidable dies.  
Such and much more ! Brave, wise and good we find  
The warfare of thy life,—to serve the human kind.  
Pluto and Cerberus—Earth, Heaven and Hell—  
In admiration rapt,—thy toils prodigious tell.

What reminiscence do these orbs awake ?  
Is't pity only grants thee to partake  
Of heav'n's light, Cassiope ? Oh ! say,  
Say what it boots, when vain-fed pride shall sway  
The mortal heart. How does the mournful fate  
Of Niobe, Arachne,—spirits that hate  
Humility,—vex th' aspiring plans and gait  
Of mortified ambition !—anguish double,  
Do this pride entail on children trouble !

Could not the homage paid a consort queen  
Ambition sate ? wert so presumptuous seen,  
That no atonement but a daughter serv'd ?  
One, who from unstain'd virtue never swerv'd,  
Yet naked was t'endure a chain must bind  
To the cold rock, till her th' astonish'd hero find,  
Expos'd to that monster of the main ? Thou,  
Gallant Theseus, possess'd the heart should bow  
To beauty, sympathy and love ! 'Twas thine  
The task to win and wear —Andromeda divine,  
And Orion,—or for heroic deed !  
Or suffering penitence for crime decreed,  
Compassion asking of the Gods,—tho' fame  
We know shall sully deep the noblest name,  
When coward oportunity present,—  
Now shares, 'tis sure, the glorious firmament,  
Whence too, we see, yon brilliant patriot rays  
Proclaim thy daughter's in immortal praise  
With them the noblest impulse of the breast  
Beat high to rescue, and their country blest,  
Where blasting pestilence assail'd. Hear this,  
Calumnious devotee of sensual bliss :  
Know she, who lives to charm and bless the brave,  
Herself can die, her native land to save,

Vain and unmanly wretches, void of shame,  
Who'd meanly filch a female's treasur'd name,  
Can history not fix the roving eye ;  
Nor point where Portia, Artemisia die,—  
And Lucrece—Honor's ready sacrifice ?  
Mark o'er each corse the bard, the willow sighs  
What fame shall pleas'd record,—and unborn ages  
prize!

And tho' thy neighbour's maid should heedless roam,  
Is't *thou* wilt guide th' incautious wanderer home ?  
Is it for thee to judge, to cast the stone,  
As though th'unerring virtues were alone  
Thy sum and substance all?—who tracks and strews  
The devious path with flowers; yet never shews  
The latent thorn, the lurking flint beneath;  
Or herbs, that their seductive perfumes breathe  
To blight the bloom of innocence? Is it for thee,  
Unfeeling, to brand with tainted infamy  
The honor and the worth, thou fain would'st lure  
From the fond embrace of relative and *sure*  
Friend?—ungrateful, too! Her very sex alone,  
Its offices, its cares have claims. Canst disown  
The virtuous charm and cheer? Canst rate at naught  
Thy natal debt; and all the mother taught



Thy lisping accents once, till hope's warm tear  
To rapture swell'd, and trill'd alternate fear?  
Upon a couch of awful sickness lain,  
Shuun'd too by those, should most assuage thy pain,  
What antidote? what minister'd relief?  
*Woman!*—neglected, or too little prized!  
*Woman!* she, who thy patience best advis'd,  
Herself the heavenly type. Should fancy give  
Alarm of the last hour thou hast to live,  
Is it some clown's rude hands, which thou'dst desire  
To close thine eyes; to decently attire  
Thy helpless corpse?—Helpless as thou, at first,  
For pity and the lacteous fount didst thirst,  
When the blest light of woman with sweet nature's  
burst.

Of all those wretches who disgrace their birth,  
Sure woman least deserves ill season'd mirth.  
Give penitence thy praise; destitution alms;  
But fly corruption for unsullied charms.  
Each rock-girt isle of Siren see thou shun;  
Do thou take heed where thy proud vessel run,  
Lest virtue's slanderer by its counterfeit's undone.  
Tho' loves and graces may surround the fair,  
Has virtue, piety and learning's care

Been ever aliens to the sex ? not yet,  
Cornelia, shall Clio thee forget ;  
Nor many a nation cease of worth to sing,  
Such as Eliza could to Britain bring ;  
And such hereafter as that empire own,  
Should Kent's descendant grace the lineal throne :  
And such the hope, to ease our mourning strain,  
Should he who reigns to please—by death alone give  
pain.

But say, Urania,—midst all these happy spheres  
Is space reserv'd for Calumny, who feeds on tears ?  
Where 'mongst th' Empyrium and forgiving host  
Has slander penitent assign'd its post ?  
The viprous brute's confin'd on earth to dwell,  
Till justice can invent unheard of pangs in Hell.  
And lo !—the Hyades still weep a brother lōst ;  
Seas still are swoll'n with tears ; —ships still are  
grievous tost.

O for fit terms to sing a sister's love,  
With numbers pleasing to the choirs above ;  
And inspiration tune the praises due  
To softer notes than ever angel knew !  
From Hyas' grave may odorous dews arise

And mix th' accepted incense with the skies !  
Wide o'er the globe may Atlas' Daughters shed  
Their influence, and every Brother tread  
The path, where kindred fondness strews its flowers'  
Rich sweet, grateful to earth,—and lov'd by heav'nly  
pow'rs.

Such love th' Heliades their ill-starr'd Brother bore,  
Too well, by poplar grac'd and amber-weeping shore,  
Eridanus, thou shew'st. Surely such tree,  
In Woman's mild, majestic symmetry,—  
Bowling beauteously devote to heav'n's wind,—  
Like others of the tender fair ought find  
Distinguish'd rank above ! ought sure—but hold !  
Rash muse, forbear !—how oft has reason bold  
Dealt all deficient her imbecile blow,  
With misjudg'd distance, she presum'd to know !  
Say, boasted Reason, can thy prying sight  
Count all the wonders of this brilliant night ?  
Can thy false balance half the causes weigh,  
That works its system, or the wheels of day ?  
Yon milk-white road seems pav'd with pearls thick  
sown,  
Has myriad glories with a cause unknown.  
To know so much and be denied the rest,

Is Heaven's providence to its invited guest.  
What wretch art thou, call'd Atheist, say who ?  
What ingrate's false to God,—yet to himself is true ?  
Say why should miracles, reveal'd by writ  
Religious, startle thy faith ? thy wit  
Misplac'd excite ? in miracle we're born,  
Are suckled and expire. As gloom awakes to morn,  
Blind ign'rance discovers light, and by degree  
A labyrinth's unwound on mystery  
Here on earth. Things impossible, once thought,  
Age after age display. Who was't sought  
And found, a double century now gone,  
What was reserv'd for ages then unborn,—  
To court the vivid lightning of the skies,  
And guide the wing, terrific as it flies,  
Adown the magic line of slender wire,  
Themselves unsear'd, and cag'd the heav'nly fire ?  
Ask Ethiopia's providential rain  
Whence Egypt slakes her sands ? her plain  
Whence fructifies, beyond the world's compare ?  
Nor corn, nor pulse adust !—and why ? her air  
So perfum'd and so pure ? her blossom'd health ;  
Her joyous herd and flock ; her pasture's wealth ?  
Or, wouldst the varied miracle discern ?

To Palæstina's vales and hills reflection turn.  
No flood of Nile, but marv'llous rains bethink,  
The herb and seed, that twice of Heav'n's cup drink !  
Where were the path could faith and hope have trod,  
Had man been wise and perfect as his god ?  
What slight intelligence his brain may scan,  
Should tend to bless by humbling haughty man.  
What the connection canst thou, worm, relate  
'Twixt past, existing and a future state ?  
As little serves to ask of human sense  
God's nature, attributes or existence.  
What the mode ? his meanest boon from whence ?  
Swifter than ruin from war's tube when shot,  
The light's velocity thy vision not  
Impairs ; but sped in mystery 'twill cheer  
Like charity, whose quick and secret alms endear  
The more. Yet given to gaze so much, so free,  
How little of the wondrous whole we see.  
Note this canopy of studded light,  
This solemn silence, tho' so busy night ;  
The generous dew re-visiting the corn,  
To act its function 'till return of morn.  
With true precision rolls the guiding star,  
And the gold fleece is borne from Colchis far.



From Colchis, where yon affection'd and brave  
Twins, in Jason's Argos having dar'd the wave,  
Together shone in arms. Not life more dear,  
They shar'd each hard-fought honour, hope, or fear.  
Nor Chiron's pupil, nor his gallant crew,  
Shew'd half so noble,—no!—nor half so true.  
But tho' your birth and love were one, another  
Kindness glow'd—that made mankind your brother.  
The barbarous robbers on the traffic main  
Your tutelary arms have slain,  
And sunk perdition-deep,—never to rise again.  
The twins of Leda yet auspicious smile  
Benign regard on Ocean's sons,—the while  
They tempt the awful perils of the deep,—  
Sooth the rough winds, the thunders lull to sleep.  
The wife, solicitous and fond, to you will raise  
Her altar, and consecrate its blaze  
With vows. Thither she leads her lamb snow-white,  
Weeps for her mate's return,—and executes the rite :  
Attracted Plty deprecates the storm,  
And no huge clouds unchain'd the azure vault deform.

What stream of hoary light thus veils the east,  
As bidding earthlings to enchantment's feast ?

This thin,—yet solid-like,—this gear which night  
Now wears, i'faith's the frolic of some elfin sprite,  
Sporting on goss'mer wings—a visionary flight.  
Soon as those fleecy, changeling clouds sail by,  
The rest forsake their mountain-peaks so high.  
Such craggy scenery, witch'ry and romance,  
Wilder the senses sure in spell-bound trance !  
Though—Heaven ! —how, passing praise, must now  
be seen

To mount in regal dignity the queen  
Of these nocturnal realms ; whose empire teems  
With blessings, shed from the urn of her reflected  
beams !

Mark the pellucid vapours round her car ;  
Its virgin, sober, silv'ry sheen afar  
O'er gladden'd earth. In every land and age  
Thy birth has been the hallow'd theme of sage,  
Of thankful and of raptur'd man, Of yore  
Th'assembled ancients piously would pour  
Their feelings and their sentiments in holy rite,  
Tho' little could these acts thy benefits requite.  
But, ah !—to think, that some ! Such always were,  
Who little for their sacred'st obligations care.  
And part of them, to slander sole devote,

Will vow the proofs of chastity denote  
The grossest guilt : and for their demon-fane  
Select the purest victim to be slain.  
Like me upou this mount, Endymion gaz'd,  
Lost in the wonders of the sight he prais'd ;  
Diana smil'd as now, enthron'd the same,  
But foul Detraction, squint,—did lust to blast her  
fame.

And thou, fair Stour, whose green-sward banks so well  
I love to muse, thou canst delighted tell  
The honours of that queen, whose mild rays glance  
On thy playful ripple, till it dance  
Cheerily the vales among ; where tripping light,  
Full many a dryad, in dew-dropt vest bedight,  
Steals from her hollow oak, thy Naiades to join.  
She culls the night-clos'd bluebell, shall entwine  
Her virgin tresses, and of auburn bright,  
To grace with revelry the sober night.  
No faded chaplet of putrescent flow'rs  
Drops from the brow of Comus *here* ; no hours  
Of guilt, where squalid droops the blushless rose,  
Or myrtle sickening its green life foregoes.  
Cynthia's fresh beam ne'er knew inebriate flame :  
"Twould petrify the breath, corrupt of shame.

Here heav'n-lov'd chastity, in starry zone,  
Preserves her happy court—and honourable throne.  
Yes, here from every fountain, brook and lake,  
From mountain rock and dell their nymphs forsake  
The mossy grot or cave. 'Tis the hour serene,  
To weave fresh crown of oak, or sedge, or evergreen,  
And frolic pastime share—blithe as the lunar sheen.  
Silent each meadow—purest silence all !  
Brisk bound their feet, yet never heard to fall,  
Or crush the enamell'd mead. By whispers low,  
And becks well understood, they to and fro  
The mazes wind and ravel through the dance ;  
And prudent still, still on no mischief chance.  
A beauty they divide ; tho' Ægle claim  
To be the paragon of grace, and paid the name  
By every sister nymph. Ne'er envy knew  
This sisterhood, but love gave love its due.  
Blanch'd in pure Diana's beam, surpassing fair  
And delicate, sure Ægle's form asks care  
Of partial heav'n ! 'tis symmetry divine :  
No mortal mould nor clay could ere have made it  
thine !  
That native elegance, that simple ease,  
Lend ever to thy port some new-born charm to please.

Thine eye's blest radiance darts no wanton ray,  
Like basilisk not kills, nor leads astray ;  
But sheds a cheerfulness, that shews, in part,  
The Elysian treasure of a guileless heart !  
Thy graces' fount, Bœotia, never gave  
Reflected beauty, such as loves to lave  
In Stour's less celebrate—tho' pure and placid wave.  
May industry and farthest land commerce  
With thee, a navigated stream, and nurse  
To mariner ! the manumitted black  
Too,—may he ride thy free-born track,  
Loving and loved !—that mutual chain, shall bind  
The sable pilot's heart, whilst Albion find  
His freight, the richest freight,—that loads a grateful  
mind !

Now myriad vapours in one flood combine,  
And weave for Stour their mantle's pearly shine,  
Who slumbers on unseen,—a nether stream.  
The hush'd night's empress flings her grey-lit-beam ;  
And fancy loves the sorcery to adorn,  
E'en till the first faint tints of tell-tale dawn  
Th' illusive charm dissolve,—and breathe the breath  
of morn.

Flow on, sweet Stour ; meander thro' our vale



And ever be thy charms my favorite tale !  
Not that, majestic Thames, I could forget  
The pious loyalty once felt, whilst yet  
Upon thy fostering, recreative shore,  
I bath'd my infant limbs,—and sipp'd thy classic  
lore ;

Nor mem'ry magnetize no heart-felt sigh,  
Would fain forbid my vainest hopes to die ;  
Would fain revive the flush of boyhood spent,—  
Nay all the peril, that its rashness lent.  
Did but a brother seat him at the helm,  
Let hostile currents threaten to o'er whelm,  
Our pinnacle still should brave the bridge's pile,  
The pilot pleas'd I'd trust, and still on horror smile !  
But lost the chaste moon's cheer on drowsy men,  
Sunk on their downy couch ; and clos'd their ken  
To all, save what the cozening poppy wand  
Of Morpheus conjure up ;—that God so fond  
To act his curtain'd imagery. Here dreams  
The child of nurse's tyranny ; he screams  
To tear the drum, to see what made the noise  
Within ; and early vindicates the rights of boys !  
The elder brother too,—his brain surcharg'd  
With lesson for th' ensuing morn, enlarg'd

The muscles of his vengeful arm, enacts  
Th' inexorable Greek ; and to the wheels  
Of his triumphant chariot binds the heels  
Of his fall'n foe, defil'd with dust and gore ;  
Grossly insults ; then weeps he can no more.  
Oh, happy—do not these impressions stamp  
Obdurate pride, and every milder virtue cramp !  
Howe'er sublime Mæonian chords may play ;  
Whate'er their fire ; how choice and sweet their lay ;  
May ripening years assuage resentment's leaven,  
And bless'd forgiveness raise an earthly heav'n !  
May every thought—thy word, thy deed, thy look  
Receive its temper from the better book !

A sister here, her teens well nigh expir'd,  
With shorten'd breath dreams of the day desir'd—  
The happiest, sure ! love's calendar shall note,—  
Shall tear her from her home and friends, who dote  
Upon their beauteous child ; who sleepless lie  
The livelong night, and deeply anxious sigh,  
And pray and pray,—and sigh—to read futurity.  
But youth, all prescient, spurns ungen'rous fear :  
Dreams,—more than Pœstum's rose,—Love's will  
bloom all the year.

Heav'n grant—good sense, as well as beauty, wait  
The plighted pair ; and pluck the thorn from fate,  
Must rankle in the breast of wedded dolts.

Sense is love's guardian more than beauty's bolts.

That agony, snore and sigh alternate,  
Confess yon miser's bonds and interest great.  
Seldom sleeps he !—and now chill dews of fear  
Conjure anxieties that danger's near.  
Poor wretch ! he dreams his key's confin'd to th'lock !  
“ The wards are damag'd ! Was there ever shock  
like this ?

How came it so ? Here, Susan ! run !—  
A smith !” But Susan, he forgot had done  
With this world—part starv'd, part broken hearted ;  
His dupe of promise had for ever parted  
With him and her last hope of wedded wealth.  
Her wages scanty, sacrificed her health,  
His trusty maid was sunk into her grave,  
And not another could be found his slave.  
Yet no remorse is his, his dread is thieves  
Alone. “ What shall he do ? ” He now believes  
The rusty iron and its age the cause ;  
Thinks of some cheap smith,—but if he withdraws,

What surety his ? He can't extract the key,  
He can't unlock, but OTHERS may—and THIEVES  
there be

At EVERY turn and angle of the world !  
His eyeballs roll, his nether lip is curl'd.  
This iron chest he cannot break ; would fain  
Have op'd to count his pelf again ;—  
—And yet—if op'd—how after make *secure* ?  
Aye ! there's a pang ! must make the usurer poor.  
His soul's convulsed ; the fever'd brain beats high ;  
Wishes the grave his bank,—and almost dares to die ;  
But dare not stir. There gazes on his key ;  
The heart blood curdling, all his spirits flee ;  
Conscience upbraids and points—his direful destiny.  
All horror struck he starts,—now moans,—  
And grasping wild his hair,—awakes with his own  
groans.

There sleeps another, honest as some think.  
He knows to swim, whate'er insolvent sink.  
Prudent of pence, composites of a pound,  
To pay the tradesman none is stricter found ;  
But with a thrift, to meanness close allied,  
Some self indulgences are gratified.

He dreams of stocks, of consols, omnium and scrip,  
And does not scruple to pollute his lip  
With just a little slander, can he but trip  
His happy neighbour, and his friends estrange,  
Transferring interests, shall his own arrange.  
Selfish and proud, hard hearted to distress,  
Little reck's he the charity may bless  
Another's board, may heal man's jarring strife,  
And kindly qualify the ills of life.  
How restless he ! his arts have fail'd to day :  
The poor man stands, maugre what foe could say.  
How pain'd he breathes : for conscience would be  
heard.

He'd scorn the monitor, as bugbear and absurd.  
Yet now one injured neighbour's shade appears,  
And thus addresses his resistless fears.  
“ Oh, couldst not thou thy opulence enjoy,  
Pamper thy appetite until it cloy,  
But my little vineyard—must wantonly destroy ;  
Must lend thy busy tongue to blast my name,  
And cover industry with undeserved shame ? ”

There dreams a son of Abraham of his gold,  
Full seven times refined, correctly told



His interests, and a safer bank ne'er knew  
Usurious cunning than this generous Jew.  
Forgiven and forgotten in downy rest  
Each vulgar insult of the day, how blest  
His peaceful couch ! not his the heart and soul,  
Can conscience, like an incubus, control,  
Whose mountain-weight inflicts—excruciating dole.  
A benison, the choicest, waits thy sleep.  
And why ? thou wip'st the tear from eyes that weep,  
And art to penury, as pastors to their sheep.  
Orphan or widow, in thy fold receiv'd,  
By honest sympathy are straight relieved :  
Thy breast, the asylum of extended love,  
Invests its sureties in the firm above.  
Unlike the churl with charitable creed  
In mouth, but on its spirit loth to feed.  
Of christian virtue talks he, and no more,  
For to the poor is clos'd both heart and door.  
He'll give to plenty what it doth not ask,  
And add his sunshine where the prosp'rous bask.  
What is *his* dream ? of nectar and delight !  
Ambrosial dainties, tempting to the sight,  
But far, far beyond the reach ! Though oft he  
Greedy thinks to taste, with festive ecstasy,

This banquet of the poor, by angels sent :—  
Yet hope deluded, sick'ning, well nigh spent,  
Distorts his eyes and bursts the seal of sleep.  
They glaze in film ; they from their sockets deep  
Still fix upon the viands their dying light,—  
Still covet to the last—the tantalizing sight.  
What means this burst of light ? Why deeper glows  
The firmament with heat unwont ? Who knows  
The mystic cause ? 'Tis not from nature sure :  
Her light's creation gen'rous, just and pure.  
Her orb diurnal and her lunar beam,  
Comets, and galaxy, and various stream,  
Pour'd from a fount benign. Here burns the grain,  
For which we have toil'd and pray'd—and garner'd  
all in vain !

'Tis here gaunt famine strides the blaze.—And hark !  
From thence it came—that scream of horror. Mark  
Devastation's rapid shaft !—and where—oh,  
Soul-startling spectacle of fright and woe !  
Smother'd in the dread, lumber'd mansion's fall,  
And to the death scorch'd—tho' on pity call  
Responsive cries of hundreds,—the mother  
And her babe !—widower, daughter, brother,  
Stript of their hard earn'd, reputable home

And means, now doomed in beggary to roam,  
Fugitives from all, save hopelessness and grief,  
Must envy sufferings that have found relief.  
Who can express the varying sound and sight  
Of scene so strange ? yet who forget this night ?  
A vivid change disrob'd its sombre vest,  
And all the hemisphere in borrow'd sheen is drest.  
There gleams reflection neither night nor day,  
While ruin flits on wings of twilight ray.  
The sullen furnace roar : wild, wasteful smash ;  
Anon the clattering tile ; the shock and crash !  
Commingle yells ! the brute and human shriek !  
And Fear the witness would, but cannot speak.  
The trusty mastiff, chain'd to fire and pain,  
Howls out his final pang. Oft and again,  
Leagu'd with the waking wind, quick flashes rise,  
And hold dominion o'er the anger'd skies.  
'Tis no brief despotism runs its length :  
Not yet the elements have pass'd their strength.  
Another flash !—fresh shooting sparks !—dense smoke,  
That seems awhile the struggling flame to choke !  
Now issue forth reserv'd and smouldering fires,  
Till when convulsed and—leaping into spires,—  
Exulting, quivering, each in sated rage expires.

Yet no !—the peerless beams of infant day  
Dart on our meaner element ; whose way  
Now bursts anew.—Tho' shorn,—intensely red,  
Glow's it impassion'd, jealous, and still dread.  
Aurora's clouds, that skim yon azure bright,  
Clash their penumbras on this vexed light ;  
Where gradual wreathes the grey fume's many a  
    shade ;  
As tho' to task some artist hand display'd,  
And beauty grace the wreck—that desolation made.

But who is't boasts this noble deed ? where HE,  
The neighbour, knight and flower of chivalry,  
Whose noble heart *conceiv'd*, and whose *own* hand  
Dar'd, all muffled in the guilty dark, to brand  
With ruin another's weal,—himself with shame  
Unutterable ! come blushing forth and claim  
The smiles of wondering day ; then go thee, chew  
Incendiarism's food, —and serve thy hell *anew*.  
What unknown monster gave thee baneful birth ?  
Whence stol'st thou, horrid alien to this earth ?  
By what ascent from hell sent here, to taste  
The fruits of heav'n bless'd industry, then waste  
And ravage with relentless flame ? Art thou

Some minister of mad revenge ? Avow,  
If can'st, what fault the toilsome steed  
Or lowly kine arraign. What urgent need  
Has thus their agonizing pangs and death decreed ?

Though thou usurp'st the throne of peaceful night,  
The bed-rid and the suckling breast affright ;  
Wide tho' thy sceptre blaze its fell dismay,  
And cureless ruin wound the eye of day ;  
Will virgin justice from her starry height  
Pour down no penalty or pain, to right  
The violated honours of the year,  
And blast thy triumph, whilst inflicting fear ?  
A temperament of fire there yet may be,  
That cruelty ne'er dreamt, nor heaven let see ;  
Some ghastly hydra or chimera shape,  
With Cerberus' yawn, or famish'd tiger's gape ;  
Some conscious horror, or some hopeless pang,  
More dire than ever brute's ferocious fang,  
Of what ere poison'd or rack'd wretch complain'd,  
A Tityus endured, or poet yet has feign'd.  
Then pause, thou wretch, may meditate a deed,  
Shall make exult to see thy victim bleed,  
And count his writhing throes. Summon reason ;



Look well her guise betray no proof of treason.  
Dost purpose craftily revenge or pelf ?  
Give conscience hearing. Go, respect thyself.  
But sure in cruel flame none can delight,  
Save fiends ! What, man ! who first in piteous plight  
Of infancy, yet to his maker dear,  
Th' essential comfort to existence here  
Has felt of fire ; in chilling age the embers  
Bows to as a household god,—remembers,  
Much too grateful ever to reverse  
Such elemental blessing to a curse !—  
Blessing no thankfulness can e'er repay.  
It is his hearth's, his altar's guardian stay !  
Loving to loose stern winter's frozen chain,  
What time he'd hunger and would thirst in vain,  
Did not, with all the nurse's fostering care,  
This cordial friend his vines, and aliment prepare.  
Ah me, that man, or devil, can distress  
With instruments, by nature meant to bless !  
And what avails it, mem'ry shew that pile  
Combust, aside the blushing waters of the Nile,  
So glares reflected in its frightful mass  
Of rueful conflagration ? There alas !  
Smelted a mine of wealth and golden lore ;

A world's invaluable and vested store.  
There 'twas great Lagides, thy Alma Palace stood,  
Asylum of the scholar, genius, and the good !  
Thine, Alexandria,—thine the omen'd fall,—  
Thy schools, and thy philosophy and all  
To barbarism and to Omar! 'Tis not  
Ægyptus' pearls dissolv'd ; nor with what  
A wanton queen luxuriously may deck,  
And win a Roman to her fatal neck,  
That wisdom covets or would weep to lose.  
Not for such things the sorrowing muse  
Upon thy ashes, learning, sheds a tear:  
Tis that the torch of ign'rance light the bier,  
And science' wasted lamp—but glimmer dark and  
drear.

How had the soul of gentle Scipio yearn'd;  
How with this sacrifice his heart have burn'd;  
Could here fair learning's, and the muses' friend  
Witness th' irrevocable flames ascend  
On wings of barbarous ruin. Oh, could grief  
Avail, for ev'ry spark—a tear would find relief.  
And thou, Persepolis, in ruin,—albeit grand,  
And marvel of magnificence—dost stand  
A lamentable record of mad power,

Let loose in idle and inebriate hour.  
There Persia's victor 'twas, by Thais led,  
And portent of his birth misjudg'd, made head  
Against the honours of a laurell'd name :  
His name, whose natal night, we're told by fame,  
Thy wonder, Ephesus, prophetic laid in flame.  
That mansion, eastward !—do its walls maintain  
Some rich man's yawning, lazy, pamper'd train,  
Strutting in silken hose and foppish shoe,—  
Apes of importance vain,—and servants little true ;  
Whilst many a peasant, weary and ill-fed,  
Scarce owns a pallet to repose his head ?  
No ; 'tis for disease, the hurt, and the distress'd,  
Which brother men have gen'rous built and bless'd  
As heav'n smil'd applause. Charity's in th' land,  
Tho' oft some niggard doles—with cold, ignoble hand.  
How few proportion to their means their alms,  
And tho' gold covet, feel not half its charms !  
How many can their twenties, fifties give,  
But scores of thousands leave, that heirs may live.  
May Æsculapius happily preside  
Long o'er this pious scene ! may there spread WIDE  
Compassion's wing, shall raise the drooping poor,  
And wealth transplant a rose to every cottage door !

And the neighbouriug dome ?—Those gates alas !  
Detain a tenantry, denied to pass  
Their boundary, 'till expiate such crimes,  
As swell the calendar and stain the times.  
Oh, happiest of the happy he, who strives  
To cleanse and purify his neighbours' lives,  
Himself the rare ensample ! much is due  
From the parental, priestly ties ; from you,  
Th' associate ; or the instructor of the MIND,  
To gauge its faculties and bias find.  
Did these their sacred offices unite  
With equal energy and equal might,  
Mankind should see a golden age return,  
And each unkindly passion cease to burn.  
*Education* and *ensample* ! these twain  
Must constitute man's highest gain.  
'Tis not the depths of learning's lore to sound ;  
In arts excel ;—how good *alone* is found.  
Knowledge and thought are weapons smooth and keen ;  
But how DISCREETLY USE them must be seen,  
Or to adorn or serve ! by others' ill  
To point youth's prudence and restrain his will ;  
T'illustrate causes and results of vice ;  
To foster virtues ; court conceptions nice ;

To win with suavity, with reason mild;  
Yet whilst indulgent, not to spoil the child.  
The code of life t' engrave upon the boy  
Should chief the Mentors of our sons employ.  
And most perhaps the morals of the poor  
Should owe to reason prejudice's cure.  
Taught WELL TO READ and BETTER STILL TO THINK,  
For wisdom might they thirst—its social cup might  
drink.

A nation's happiness is found to flow  
Not more from what the prince than subjects know.  
The heart and intellect of each need learn  
Their separate duties justly to discern;  
The hind convinc'd, obedience is his part,  
Will reverence the laws with honest heart;  
Whilst kings, taught wisdom by kind heav'n above,  
Shall know their crown's best gem—to be the people's  
love.

And when the durance of a felon ends,  
May there some pitying angel raise him friends!  
Let each proud sinner learn *himself* to know,  
Nor be exceptless all the world his foe!  
The worst of felons is our brother still;



The best of men abusers of the will.  
Shall thought on science and the arts be spent,  
Yet charity's bright genius fail t' invent  
Encouragement for penitence and grief ?  
Shall prudence not administer relief  
To destitute despair ? O sons of wealth,  
Who lounge and idle, to the loss of health,  
Ye might employ some moments to devise  
How wretches may return to virtue, and be wise.  
Blest is the boon, where affluence has will'd  
Its patch of land, the famish'd poor have till'd !  
How sure the thanks, some little spot, when sown,  
To know its fruits and husbandry their own !  
'Tis HERE the smile beams ON THE NATIVE SOIL,  
All patriot pride and honorable toil !  
The hind, that delves from dawn till evening's dew,  
Opening for others opulence anew,  
It ill befits to gall with penury's chain,  
And stamp on industry the sluggard's stain.

Another sun departs. Such flick'ring beam  
These eyes may muse no more.--And now, or is't a dream?  
O for expression ! where no effort faint,

Where daring verse might sing, and genius paint  
This majesty of light, thy realms have drest,  
Thou gorgeously sublime,—thou ruby-glowing West!  
As onward bound the generous steeds of day;  
Exhale their genial fires and spurn delay;  
We quaff the vine mature; but couch on down,  
Ere yet our grace its purple nectar crown:  
Heedless how gratitude this debt redeem,  
Nor thank to-day's, nor DOUBT to-morrow's beam.  
Here too!—-Cœlestial sprites!—-what creature's  
wond'rous shade

Glides godlike down the East, as tho' to aid  
The waning day?—The pride of christian land;  
Substance of all that's elegant, that's grand.  
Stupendous pile of beauty, as of strength!  
That hesitating time vouchsafes a length  
Of days unwont, as tho' himself desir'd,  
And could not choose, but spare charms so admir'd;  
So rob'd appropriate in sober grey,  
Smiling a reverend triumph o'er decay.  
Why doth surprize arrest repeated gaze?  
Still claim for grace some more than vulgar praise?  
How could this mass, torn from the quarry rude,  
Cement in art's munificentest mood

Each choicely delicate and finished stroke ?  
Thy faithful votary must fain invoke  
Some holy guardian, still protect thy tow'rs,  
Thy hallow'd offices, thy Heav'nly pow'rs.  
Challeng'd, yet dumb, HERE flattery stands aghast,  
Her craft outrivall'd and by truth surpass'd :  
May oft my pausing step, and wistful ear,  
Thine echoing aisle invite, soon as some clear,  
Rich-voic'd, and choral hymn CHASTELY shall lend  
Its heav'nward notes, and earth-born care suspend !  
Hebrus I'd quit for thy more valued haunt,  
To taste the pure spring of thy sterling chaunt.  
Here mine be rapture, scarce akin to earth,  
By music feasted on my Saviour's birth ;  
Here grateful mount this soul to quires above,  
On Hallelujahs of empyreal love ;  
My every sense absorbed in these alone,  
Here joyin homage to my Maker's throne !  
May no wild maniac, no Vandal foe  
Insult thy creed, or sanctity o'erthrow !  
Thy every hurt may visitor deplore,  
Till piety, till taste, till science be no more !  
Thou, in the honours of thy hoaried age,  
Like good and great men's, most the heart engage.

Let youthful smiles assume the jewel's ray,  
A patriarch's glory brighter beams display.  
'Tis not the colour of a verdant spring,  
Nor lights and shades that summer fling,  
Can paint the landscape in such beauty true,  
As autumn's varied, soft, and parting hue.  
Unveil'd my destiny of future hours,  
Perchance my last now contemplate thy tow'rs ;  
A course, hence exil'd, bend to fate's control ;  
Or, run my sand, part soon the weary soul ;—  
Soon this fleet streamlet time—Eternal ocean roll !  
Yet pray'd I ne'er,—ne'er yet my fancy drank  
A hope so profitless !—MY earthly rank  
Should such ascendant gain on men below,  
That thou MY requiem,—thou MY praise bestow.  
This for such pillars of thy faith reserve,  
As best support thee with unwearied nerve,  
And where from its creator—least the image swerve.

'Tis here reposes in his cloister'd grave  
A relative, whose virtues could not save  
From wreck of meaner clay,—the gen'ral doom !—  
To watch the progress of his offspring's bloom.  
Lamented brother, lov'd from earliest date,

And semblance to thy mother ! that charm so great,  
As 'twere once meant by pity's grace above,  
To soothe domestic grief, and pledge my love  
To both :—a love not forward to display  
A tinsel lustre to the gossip day ;  
But witness'd by each star, each angel care,  
When hearts can pour forth fond and fervent prayer.

Far to the south a younger semblance lies,  
Of beauteous kin. Oh ! could she hear these sighs  
Convulsive,—sure 'twould rend her gentle heart :  
For did but ache a parent's head, her art  
'Twas bound the kerchief, steep'd in many a tear,  
As trill'd each nerve her sensibility and fear.  
Type of those blossoms, fresh the breezes drave  
From apple-bough and almond o'er her grave,  
In life's bright spring she fell ;—fell from these arms,  
That strove to stay, and to protect the charms,  
Grim atrophy could rob. In vain I bore  
Her to thy airy height, Donjon,—no more  
To taste thy draughts of renovating breath :  
Higher looked her pious soul,—and borrow'd wings  
of death !  
Pleas'd with the prize,—to grace her *lonely* side,—



The grave a loving sister claim'd, to hide  
The worth of female lore—and all the father's pride !

But these wept objects shar'd not all my grief,  
Call'd not alone on pity for relief.

Wing'd on the chilling blast fresh tidings knoll'd  
Of souls departed,—souls with heav'n enroll'd !

Life's sojourn finish'd, their career's good end,  
Mourn'd by each foe, and doubly dear to friend.

Oh ! who shall fix the boundary of gref,  
If fast fall those, our solace and relief !—

From fond and grateful hearts too rudely snatch'd,  
With all their worth,—I'd almost said *unmatch'd*.

The doleful knell yet vibrates on the ear,  
Still ling'ring memory must bedew the bier

With kinsmen's, paupers', and—a grateful poet's  
tear.

What unsophisticate and simple sounds are  
these ?

Sounds that ideas associate shall please

When taste may pall for proud and craftier notes.

Sweeter than response to bell-team chime,

May playful bound, at early matin time,

From yonder wood ; sweeter than her first kiss,  
The mother give her babe, plighting the bliss  
Of love connubial ; than Freedom's breeze  
More sweet to patriot heart, which ill agrees  
With bondage of the base ;—nay, sweet beyond  
compare

To me that knell, when eas'd of toil and care,  
God's children, one and all, are ask'd to join in  
pray'r!

Kind spirit of the sabbath bell, that floats  
Around his cot, long,—long ! mayst thou invite  
The poor and aged to that cheering rite,  
Can lift him to the bosom of his God !

Saint Martin's oratory tells where once trod  
The zealous Augustine, whose christian train  
Then lustrated in font of earliest fane,  
And Ethelbert approved : for Bertha sigh'd  
And gain'd, what had her beauty been denied,  
Perchance. Her proofs, persuasion, pious heart,—  
*These* won the Pagan consort, to depart  
From gross idolatries, well pleas'd t' embrace  
A faith, on mercy built, on penitence and grace.  
Thou, temple meek, humility's own type,

Albeit venerable, blest, and ripe  
Of years, 'tis not from idly curious call,  
Thus oft I seek thy consecrated wall  
Of antique clay, thy font of sculptur'd skill.  
Not the frail VESSEL's beauty can thus fill  
My heart with adoration. The design  
And use imperishable be it mine  
To thank ; mine the vast masonry to praise,—  
Howe'er inadequate these lowly lays,—  
Of sin forgiv'n,—that arch of boundless span,  
Wide as the wanderings of guilty man,—  
Redemption's scheme ! Slunk from the city crowd,  
Alike defamatory, envious and proud,  
Inspir'd, I ruminate thy wondrous creed,  
And cares distract on its nepenthe feed.  
At sight of thee, I note the cross's cause,  
Glow with its triumph, bind me to its laws ;  
While the wean'd, wearied soul earth's vanity abhors.  
For what's life's record ? days of embitter'd joys,  
Delusive pleasures, or of trifling toys.  
And see yon monitory trace and track  
Of Augustine, thy splendour, wealth, and wrack.  
So vain is all man's boasted art and pow'r,  
Pilaster, column, Keystones of an hour,

To hold against the press of time, or hand  
Of pillage ! strip'd of thy lofty stand,  
And gorgeous decoration, thou once grand  
Spire, thou architrave,—alas! how humble  
Now. Now pride with humbler dust can crumble,  
Trodden by every vulgar foot ! I pray  
You vers'd in antique lumber, HERE display  
The difference 'twixt dust in QUALITY. Which  
The heart dust of the arrogant and rich ?  
Where the arch priest's ? and shew me where a king's?  
Their value too ?—come weigh these things ;—  
A prelate's pound and monarch's. Best or worst,  
Which dust wilt separate, weigh and charge for first ?  
And whose the heaviest in your estimation,—  
The pauper's dust, or his who rul'd a nation ?

Yet is there HE, such atoms CAN unite :—  
Ay ! quicker than the swiftest lightning's flight,—  
So dread to think !—Perchance yon almonry  
May rise again, and interceder be.  
Of yore refected here, its poor may be  
Awak'd, to deprecate the destiny  
And wrath of justice. With cheering face,  
And mien, bright charity, —on whom some grace,

Some good, each lov'd and loving cherub has impress'd,  
Alike to his paternal smile who bless'd  
Creation jubilant,—kind maid 'tis THOU  
May'st smooth the furrows on displeasure's brow ;  
For luxuries plead, and crimes, that in their day,  
Deepen'd the sluggish cloister's lifeless ray,  
And precinct, dedicate to heav'n, stain'd.  
Where bloated fortune's self at length disdain'd  
In shame, to glut her maw and revenues more,  
Blush'd for the idol, she could once adore,  
And sped her course reform'd—from superstition's  
shore.

The clock ! —to midnight's chill and startled ear  
What solemn monitor !—who shall the fear  
Conceive, that strikes his melancholy cell  
Like its poor *wretch*,—who now must only tell  
The remnant hours of a brief, forfeit life,  
The morrow's morn exacts : tho' child or wife,  
Distract, must ne'er embrace him more ?—and yet  
Some culprit life may *sooner* pay its debt,  
Be't mine, or be't my neighbour's. Hours have fled  
Since curfew rang, and most folk ta'en their bed.  
Man must be thrifty of his couch and sleep,  
Who vigils of philosophy would keep.



But lucubration in excess were weak,  
For SOME REMISSION the stretch'd thoughts bespeak;  
And he must know, who hopes his Maker's care,  
Recluse devotion owes the closet pray'r.  
There extern objects fail t'engross the mind,  
And best he knows his very self to find,  
With each vague thought call'd home—to a Creat  
kind.

Farewell, ye groves, to whom so much I owe,  
From you my happiest contemplations flow ;  
From you my health. And may the public taste  
And estimate ne'er slight thy gifts, nor waste  
*Their* hours and health with scenery less sane !  
Farewel, sweet Donjon, 'till I come again !  
And should no more these footsteps hither bend,  
Be thou to others as to me a friend !  
Raise the dull soul, the sinking pulse awake ;  
*Some* moral flight let pensive votaries take ;  
Engage their feelings to the happiest tone,  
And Health and Gratitude—The high priz'd blessing  
own !
















The background of the entire page is a traditional marbled paper pattern. It features a dense, swirling design of organic, feather-like shapes. The primary colors are deep red and brown, with intricate veins and swirls of cream, white, and blue. The pattern is highly detailed and covers the entire surface of the book cover.

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